

# THE BASKET.

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No. 31.

## THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE WORLD.

All true trophies of the ages  
Are from Mother Love impeared,  
For the hand that rocks the cradle  
Is the one that rocks the world.

Blessings on the hand of woman,  
Fathers, sons and daughters cry ;  
And the sacred song is mingled  
With the worship of the sky—  
Mingled where no tempest darkens,  
Where rainbow beauties are unfurled ;  
For the hand that rocks the cradle  
Is the hand that rocks the world.

In the memory of all of us there are persons who seem to have revealed to us the best that we know and are; they are so lofty that we are raised; so noble that we are ennobled; so pure that we are purified. They are generally Women, whose lives are noiseless, who live at home; wives and mothers, without the ambition that spurs men to strive for renown, but their days are full of such richness of beautiful life that its fitting image is that finest flower of tropical luxuriance, the magnificent Victoria Regia.—Easy Chair.

Mr. Powderly has a hard time with his Knights of Labor, and has to fly from one place to another to keep them in subjection, and it's no wonder, when at his suggestion, it has been recommended to give the right to the Executive Board to "expel, without trial! any member who shall make charges against another member in the public press or on the public platform!" He has succeeded in getting himself surrounded with men entirely in accord with himself, and it is now virtually a one-man power concern. \$300,000 is said to have left the order during the year, and the whole body of coopers in the U. S. now threaten to withdraw. The following illustrates the way in which they and similar organizations interfere with and destroy business, to their own hurt:

"Next to financial panics, (says a business man) nothing more directly affects sales than labor strikes. I have just missed selling, said he, a parcel of \$130,000, simply through the strike. The proposed buyer is a contractor, and he said, 'I dare not go into this operation in the face of these strikes. I don't know what I may have to pay for labor before I am through. I propose to hold back and let events develop themselves before I act.' Thus the strikes tend eventually to bring down the price of labor by diminishing the demand."

What or Who is an Orphan? was the question asked by a school-mistress of her school. No answer coming, she repeated the question, adding "I am an orphan." A little girl then raised her hand and said, "I know." Having permission to speak, she answered, "Why, it is a woman what wants to get married and can't, 'cause nobody won't have her!" [Did you ever!]

The Pistol nuisance "accidents" have become so numerous, that we undertook to enumerate some of those which we had noticed in the last four or five weeks, but we found so many instances, that the paper might be filled with them, and so, after selecting the following, gave it up. Every person who points a pistol or gun at another person, whether loaded or not, even though it may be only toy, deserves punishment; for, in the case of the toy, though no immediate harm may result, the bad habit is formed, which may bear fruit in time.

As a ten-year old boy was playing with a gun at Binghamton, N. Y., on Sunday, it was "accidentally" discharged into the breast of a woman, killing her instantly. Who is responsible, the boy, or those having charge of him in allowing him to have such a "plaything?"

A woman in Ohio left her two children, respectively 3 and 4 years old, while she went to the grocery store, when the eldest one got a rifle, which was in the room, and shot his brother in the forehead.

Another.—A boy 15 years old, of Maryland, was shot and killed by the accidental discharge of a gun in the hands of his friend, whilst out gunning.

Another 15 year old boy in Fitzwater street, shot his mother in the arm by the accidental discharge of a pistol which he was examining.

Another.—At an amateur rehearsal of Uncle Tom's Cabin a school teacher pointed a pistol, "thinking it was not loaded," at one of the company, when it exploded, the ball going through the man's head, killing him.

Another.—A boy 13 years old shot and killed his sister, aged 18, on Saturday, 24th ult., at Amelia, Ohio—whether "accidental" or intentional, undecided.

Another.—A boy 14 years old, at Glasgow, Mo., shot and killed his sister, 20 years old.

Still another.—A man 20 years old was shot and killed in a saloon in New York by the accidental discharge of a pistol which another man was "exhibiting."

Again.—At a coal yard in the lower part of Philadelphia, Wm. Young was showing a revolver to Wm. Thompson, when it was accidentally discharged, killing Thompson.

A woman at Port Kennedy, Pa., on the 22d ult., was shot and killed by a daughter, who picked up a revolver and "playfully" pointed it at her, when it went off.

A man shot and killed his wife the same day at Baltimore, who says the weapon went off "accidentally," whilst he was handing it.

Several similar cases noticed, but no room for them.

A middle-aged farmer and his wife were enjoying a winter evening cosily together, when the conversation turned upon religious matters. "Wife," said he, "I've been thinking what happy society Solomon must have had in his day, with so many wives, etc., as the Bible says he had. 'Indeed!' replied the wife, a little miffed, "you had better be thinking of something else, then. A pretty Solomon you would make, truly; you can't take proper care of one wife. What a figure you would cut then with a dozen wives, and all of them as spunky as I am?" The farmer took his hat and went to the stable to look after the cattle.

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HADDONFIELD, N. J., JANUARY 4, 1889.

The following portion of a poem was kindly contributed for the "Basket." We regret we had to curtail it; but our paper admits of short articles only. We have a number of poetical articles from different correspondents.

## TO THE READERS OF "THE BASKET."

New Year, 1889.

You've hailed another new-born year  
With social joy and festive cheer;  
And many friends, both old and new,  
Exchanged glad compliments with you.  
Now here's another little friend,  
Who kindest greetings would extend;  
Though late he comes, in humble guise,  
You will not therefore him despise.  
He is a friend you've met before;  
He's often entered at your door,  
And ever tried to well repay  
What time with him you whiled away.

Again a happy year to all  
Our readers, old, young, great and small.  
To every useful work success,  
Health, comfort, peace and happiness.

We have had remarkably mild weather hereabouts so far this fall and winter. There have been frosts, some ice, and two or three sprinkles of snow, but very little hard freezing weather; and Christmas day, and several days before and after, the weather was simply delightful. There has been a good deal of damp, cloudy and rainy weather for several months past, but Haddonfield has been singularly free from hurtful storms or rains. Crossing the river from Philadelphia to Camden the day after Christmas, it appeared to be entirely free from ice.

We want another crossing of the Main street very badly. Persons wishing to cross, are not disposed to wade through mud ankle deep, are compelled to travel all the way to the railroad or to Tanner street, in order to cross. There ought to be a suitable crossing at Chestnut street. Attention, please, Messrs. Commissioners.

More light is needed in some places on our streets. One of the darkest places, perhaps, is between the railroad and Chestnut street, there being but one lamp in all that distance. There ought to be one on the other side of the street, in the neighborhood of the Presbyterian Church. It is so dark there that the church has to put out a private light when it is opened at night. But this is only for one or two nights in the week, and only for a short time, and then the gloom returns.

The 19th Annual Report of the Ocean Grove Camp-meeting, prepared by its president, Rev. E. H. Stowes, gives much interesting information respecting that popular resort of the religious and health-seeking element. The leading title is "Gladness by the Sea," expressive. One pretty conceit is an engraving representing a large crowd of singing birds, under which are the words, "Praise God, from all blessings flow."

A very handsome and impressive Picture, 14½ by 22 inches, printed in colors, "Christ before Pilate," can be had of the publisher of the "Basket," agent. Only \$1.

The Cantata at the Methodist Church on Wednesday evening, the day after Christmas, was well attended, and was a very pleasant entertainment. There was good singing, solid, not of the click-it-click order now so much in vogue. The boys, in their high caps, were in part remarkably well. The girls did well, too. The boys sung their piece with such spirit and accuracy as apparently to greatly please the audience. Santa Claus at length appeared, with a big bag slung over his shoulder, from which he distributed presents.

But we are impelled to say that we consider such performances in a church, a building ostensibly devoted to the worship of Almighty God, a desecration, and detracting from the reverence due to the throne of God,—and then an orchestra, similar to theatrical one, grinding out noise for some quarter of an hour before the performance commenced, closely contiguous to the rail or altar, around which the communicants will be invited, next Sabbath, to kneel, and join in the solemn communion service. We doubt whether another denomination in the town would permit ~~such~~ <sup>so</sup> meetings.

Periodicals, pamphlets, &c., received:

"The American Art Printer," Bartholomew & Co., N. Y. Fine specimens of plain and colored printing.

"The Leisure Hour Library," F. M. Lupton, N. Y.

"The Ladies' Bazaar," Pray & Co., Lynn, Mass. 25cts.

"Resources of California," Wentworth, San Francisco, Cal., a nicely printed and illustrated monthly.

"The Standard," This appears to be a free trade paper. Henry George, editor and proprietor.

A large Calendar from D. J. Reilly & Co., N. Y. They furnish all kinds of rollers for print.

The Ledger Almanac for 1889, is full of information.

The Baptist Sunday School had about 20 of the children from the Home in Camden brought up on Saturday evening of last week, and entertained them, gave them presents of various kinds, and sent a wagon-load of provisions, &c., down to the Home. The children came up on the 8 o'clock train, and returned on 10 train.

The Methodist Sunday School had their celebration on Christmas night, and distributed eggs, etc. Mr. J. C. Lindsay, their late superintendent, was present, and made a very pleasant and acceptable address.

On Wednesday evening of last week, at Grace Episcopal church, the Sunday School held their holiday anniversary, and, after the usual exercises, the scholars were presented with books, candies, and an "elephant."

At the Presbyterian church, on Monday evening last, there was a Sunday School entertainment—singing, etc., distribution of sweetmeats to the children, and valuable presents to the pastor and his wife.

Major Chas. A. Hale, will give a Lecture on the Battle of Gettysburg, with illustrations, in the Methodist Church, on Thursday evening, Jan. 10. Tickets, 25cts.

Howard, son of Joseph Kay, is very ill—consumption.

Our friend, Rev. N. Edwards, who had an attack of paralysis some weeks ago, is better, able to walk about.

A daughter of Mr. Freeman, of Camden, was recently buried in the Baptist cemetery in Haddonfield.

Many boys and girls are losing their lives by breaking through when skating or playing upon the ice.

The Gun Squad fired out the old year, and saluted the new, with their big gun, which shook some houses.

Mr. Harrison, (firmly,)—"When I become president, there is to be no power behind the throne, and I want everybody to understand that." Mrs. Harrison, (sweetly,)—"Benjamin, don't forget me, please"—was the post.